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1894

A Valet's Mistake.



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No. 829.

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(COMEDY.)

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A Valet's Mistake.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

— BY —

Sherwin Lawrence Cook,

Author of "Only an Actress," "A Financial Crisis," "Uncle Ethun," etc.

— O —

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

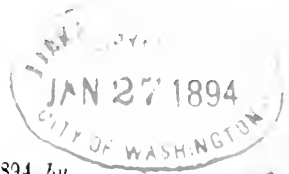
A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

— O —

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 1894

A VALET'S MISTAKE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

As produced under the personal direction of the author by The Warren Comedy Company.

HERBERT HOLWORTHY.....	Mr. Sherwin L. Cook.
HARRY FESSENDEN.....	Mr. T. J. Carey.
DON. ELWELL.....	Mr. S. W. Kramer.
MARCUS AMELIUS, (colored).....	Mr. Charles B. Keffer.
BOTTLESBY.....	Mr. Lincoln D Hatch.
EDITH STOCTON.....	Miss Margeret Easter.
EDITH FLYAWAY.....	Miss Annie C. Hanson.
MRS. FLYAWAY.....	Miss Emma F. Leufield.
DOLLY, (colored).....	Miss Jessie H. Blaine.

—X—

NOTICE.—This comedy is gratefully dedicated to my friend and instructor, Mr. Henry B. Hall, of the Lewes School, of Roxbury, Mass., as an acknowledgment of his help and council during and a term my scholarship with him.
 S. L. C.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

A Valet's Mistake.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A room in the East Branch House, Lower Bartlett, N. H.
The first hop of the season in progress. MARCUS discovered dusting.

Marcus. Jus' so Massa Herbert, you can't fool dis chi'ken no longer by dis tomfoolory. T'ings has come to a crisis. If dese tings continners, Auralius Brown gives notice, dats what he does. But Lordy, there aint no such thing as stopin' of it. Ah Massa Bertie, I knows the symptoms! When you staid to hum' from the card party at Keassearge the other night, I wuz spicuis; but when you cum home early for her afternoon tea, the ratty odor wuz very perceptible, and now, whew! Yer sister axes yer, will you stay at home to-night, an' you shrugs your shoulders and "guesses not" an' then you jest *happens* to ask who all am goin' to be there. An' doan you look glum, till she mentions Miss Stoctons name? Then you jump as though a pin was stuck inter you? I doan 'spose you say, "perhaps you'll drop in during the course of the evening," act fidgety all day, dress up afore supper, and act as though there was no such thing as a club this side of Jerico. You'r smitten, you an. (*dusts again*) But golly, who'd a thought it wuz catching? (*comic business*) Master and Mistress, man and maid; well it might be worse. Dolly am quite a gall, holds her head high, plenty of spirit, a regular thoroughbred all 'round. (*DOLLY heard singing outside*) Lord! an' if here aint the object of my tender affections, Iust look kinder slick I 'spose. (*arranges necktie at glass*)

Enter, DOLLY, L. E., still singing.

Dolly. "Pop goes the weazle." (*speaks*) Hello Marcus!

Mar. Hello Doll!

Dol. Miss Dolly, sir, if you please.

Mar. All right Miss Dolly, sir.

Dol. Impudent.

Mar. Dat so? Well if that is impudent, let me call you just plain Dolly, and not so very plain either.

Dol. Flatterer! Goodness, what do men know about dusting? (*takes duster*) Whew! what a layer of dust, and 'most time for the party too. You are neatness personified!

(*dusts rapidly, knocks down vase, which MARCUS catches*)
Mar. Good Lord Dolly, what's you about? You don't know nuffin' at all!

Dol. Very well, Mr. Marcus, I know enough to leave when I'm not wanted. I never will speak to you again. So! (*starts L.*)

Mar. See here, Dolly, I's awful sorry. I won't do it again. Honest injum. (*puts arm around her*)

Dol. Stop, please Marcus. I should certainly scream if I was sure that nobody'd hear. (*MARCUS tries to speak*) O! I know very well what you want to say, but if you don't let me alone, I may never say "yes." (*he starts to release her*) And if you do, I'll say "no" anyway.

Mar. Well, that do seem to be a pretty tight place to put a pore nigger in.

Dol. I shouldn't mind being in a tighter one. (*MARCUS takes the hint*) Marcus, how dare you hug me like that? (*MARCUS kisses her*) Mercy, you bad man! Goodness! there is somebody coming. Let me go or we will be seen. And if you will be good and promise all sorts of nice things, we will call it all settled and—lear me Marcus, let me go. (*exit, L., hurriedly*)

Enter, HERBERT, R. E.

Herbert. Hi there Marcus, you rascal! So you are up to the regular game, are you? See here man, what right have you to be fashionable? Valets ought not to imitate their masters in that scandalous manner, or I mean—that is—

Mar. Yes, I know what you mean.

Her. O! I've no doubt of it.

Mar. Lord, yes sir, I knows all about it. Yer see, Miss Dolly an' Edith—no! Miss Edith and Dolly are very much attached to each other, and so I'm going to marry the mistress and you can marry the maid. 'Twould be a pity to part um, wouldn't it now?

Her. You impudent black scapegrace! I've a mind to shake some common sense into your head.

Mar. Scuse me Massa Herbert. P'raps you'd rather reverse things, so'd I. (*exit, L. E.*)

Her. So poor chap, he's in love. Well, well, I must be lenient with him. If he feels as I do—

Enter, HARRY, L. E.

Ah! my boy, how are you?

Harry. So! so! old chap, how wagetht the world with you?

Her. Moderately old boy, moderately. Deuced bore this society though, don't you think?

Har. Yes, but you don't. Just throw in Edith Stocton and you cease being bored at once. Now don't try to look surprised. You can't make it effective, never do anything you can't make effective. O! you are a nice kind of a confirmed bachelor, you are!

Her. But—

Har. Never but, either. That's a bad way to get into. Let me a tale untold and then deny it if you can. A chap name Holworthy, in company with a younger sister and an elderly aunt, to see that they behaved, last summer took in a delightful sea-side re-ort. At the hotel they met a number of young people of their set and formed one new acquaintance, Miss Edith Stocton. Tennis, hops, boating and the like, bring the hero of this romance and Miss Simplicity together a great deal of the time, and "yours truly" wouldn't sell

one of his hawk-eye negatives for a tiny fortune. Possibly you remember the time I caught it on Bass Rocks. I shouldn't wonder if it had something to do with the sudden change of temperature shown you by Minnie Prim about that time. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Flossie Tarbell hasn't spoken to you since, has she? But let us not anticipate. Herbert, the innocent, and his fair Imogene decide to keep up the acquaintance so pleasantly began, and that's why this deuced bore society is endured. That's why you carry a ring in your pocket, waiting to pop and be accepted as a matter of course.

Her. Why a matter of course?

Har. Ha, ha! Why a matter of course?

Her. Well, I don't mind admitting that what you say is partially correct—partially however. You see Miss Stocton was all cut up by the sudden disappearance of her brother, so when I get the opportunity, I mean to volunteer as his substitute, but I beg leave to assure you that my acceptance is not a matter of course. O! by the way, how goes your flirtation with the other Edith?

Har. O! clean cut out by Don Elwell. She has him safely landed and he will soon be saddled by the most atrocious of mother-in-laws on earth.

Her. Talk of the devil and you'll hear the clatter of his hoofs.

Enter, DONALD, L. E.

Don. Well boys, how goes it?

Har. Splendidly my boy.

Her. Sit down old chum.

Don. Well I've got a bit of news for you fellows, I'm engaged.

Har. Whew!

Her. "Golly!" as Marcus says, who is the vic—or lady?

Don. Edith.

Her. What?

Don. Miss Flyaway, have you any objection?

Her. Not in the least, take her and be happy.

Har. It's all right old chap, but how about the mother-in-law?

Don. Hang the mother-in-law!

Har. That's so!

Her. There is a lovely piece of rope down cellar.

Har. As I live, here comes the lady herself! (HARRY and HERBERT start) Don't run, I mean the young lady.

Her. (to HARRY) Come! let's evaporate.

Har. All right. Say Don, when you see him alone with Edith Stocton, do as much for him. Ha, ha! come along old chap.

(exit, HERBERT and HARRY, R. E.)

Enter, EDITH FLYAWAY, L. E.

Edith F. O! Don, I asked mamma, and what do you suppose she said?

Don. She must have been more than delighted.

Edith F. No! She just said "A great deal better than none, child. Yes, a great deal better than none," and I'm sure I agree with her.

Don. O! do you, you little rogue? Well, I not only think that you are better than none, but than all the rest put together.

Edith F. There Don, you blessed old boy, you shall have something nice for that.

Don. May I? There then, and there. (*kisses her*)

Enter, EDITH STOCTON, L. E.

Just one more and—(*sees EDITH STOCTON*) Thunder and lightning!
(*exit, R. E., the ladies laugh*)

Edith F. You won't tell will you Miss Stocton? Because our engagement is partially a secret.

Edith S. Be sure I won't my dear, but are you perfectly sure you'll be as happy as you could wish to be with him? Now for my part I should prefer a man more like Mr. Holworthy.

Edith F. And I think he would prefer a lady more like you. I trust that you don't intend to enter upon such a thing as an engagement with him just yet.

Edith S. I assure you that I shan't until he asks me, and he is about as timid as he very well can be.

Edith F. Well, as he seems to be coming this way, I think I'll go and give him a chance.

Edith S. No! don't go just yet.

Enter, HERBERT, L. E.

Her. Good evening ladies. This is indeed a rare treat. (*aside*) Now what in the name of providence possessed that litt'e flirt to come in here at this time? (*aloud*) A most lovely night. The view of the moon from the piazza. Miss Flyaway, is simply delicious.

Edith F. Yes, I came from the conservatory a few moments ago, but if there is any thing to be seen, I must see it. (*exit, L. E.*)

Her. (*to EDITH*) We seem to be alone. Egad we are—are alone. (*a pause, then aside*) Stage fright.

Edith S. Yes, Mr. Holworthy, we are alone. (*aside*) If this continues, I hope we shan't be alone very long.

Her. My dear Miss Stocton; Edith, if I may call you by that melodious, er nickname. (*aside*) Blank it, what a consummate ass I am!

Edith S. Of course.

Her. Eh? Oh! Edith it shall be then until—until the end of time. (*aside*) Poetic enough for a starter. O! by the way I was christened Herbert, but it's a fact of no particular consequence.

Edith S. (*aside*) How charmingly, toots like!

Her. Edith, the interview I desire with you is one of great importance to me, and I hope to you.

Edith S. (*aside*) I believe he's going to do it.

Her. What I want to say is—is—(*aside*) I begin to feel that the job is bigger than the man.

Edith S. Don't you think that if you kept very still for a few moments that you could collect your rather scattered senses, and till then good-bye. (*starts off L.*)

Her. My dearest Edith, don't leave me like this. We have not known each other long, but long enough

Enter, MRS. FLYAWAY, R. E.

for me to know that life without you wou'd be a blank, and—(*EDITH sees MRS. FLYAWAY and makes a hurried exit, L. F., then HERBERT sees her*) The devil! (*exit, L. E.*)

Mrs. F. What a peculiar young man. How rudely he treated

me. I hoped he would ask me for a dance, but "another hope is dashed to fragments on the cruel ledge of despair." I think that sentiment will do for my novel.

Enter, HARRY, R. E.

Good evening, Mr. Fessenden

Har. (aside) Hump! the old lady, eh? I'll humor her a bit. *(aloud)* Good evening. Beautiful evening, don't you think?

Mrs. F. Ah! I am so glad to see that you are susceptible to the beauties of nature. I shall put a character like you in my next novel.

Har. Honored I'm sure.

Mrs. F. Ah! Mr. Fessenden, I greatly admire your poetic disposition. I had hoped to fill the place of your lamented mother, but the fates willed otherwise.

Har. (aside) Three cheers for the fates!

Mrs. F. Did you speak?

Har. Yes, I said that probably the fates considered you too young to fill that office suitably.

Mrs. F. (aside) Exquisite sentiment. He shall be the hero of my next novel. *(exit, L. E.)*

Har. (aside) It's a wonder she didn't propose on the spot. Well, if he follow's up Don Elwell, she'll mar his connubial bliss with vengeance.

Enter, HERBERT, R. E.

Her. Meditating on matrimony?

Har. Not exactly. Were you?

Her. Decidedly.

Har. Then I'll get out.

Her. No don't! I want your advice. I half proposed to Edith to-night, and that confounded Mrs. Flyaway blundered in and spoiled it. Now, if you will dictate a nice sensible letter, you will oblige, yours truly. *(sits at desk)*

Har. "My own darling Edith?"

Her. Bosh! be sensible.

Har. "Miss Stoeton, respected lady?"

Her. Say, are you sane or not?

Har. "My dear Edith?"

Her. All right, fire away!

Har. (dictating slowly while HERBERT writes) "You cannot but have suspected my feelings towards you for the past year, and since to-night I cannot but hope that you will look favorably upon this declaration. When we first met your beauty excited my sincere admiration, and now I feel that you will not be surprised when I state, that you have twined an ivy over that delicate and susceptible portion of the physical anatomy, called the heart, which time never can uproot, (not the heart, but the ivy, you understand.) Hoping that you reciprocate my affection, I take this opportunity to tender you my hand and above mentioned heart. Enclosing stamp for reply, I remain, yours sincerely, H. L. H." *(aside)* Clark's Complete Letter Writer, Form 37, revised and adapted.

Her. Don't flatter yourself that I put in all that rubbish. Well, it's done anyway. Just amuse yourself, will you? and when I've

A VALET'S MISTAKE.

dashed off this other note, I'll be with you. (*writes—after folding notes—calls*) Marcus! Marcus! Where is the black vagabond?

Enter, MARCUS, L. E., yawning.

Mar. Did you call, Massa Herbert?

Her. Yes! Take this note to Miss Stocton and this to Miss Flyaway.

Har. You'r not proposing to them both, I trust?

Her. Hardly. You see Edith Flyaway's brother Tom, who was a classmate of mine at college, is settled over a parish somewhere in Illinois, and as business will soon call me to Chicago, I may run down and see him. So I ask his sister for his address. (*to MARCUS*) You needn't wait, Ebony, and see here, no flirting with Dolly on the way, for I'm afraid the ladies will be gone before you can get the notes delivered as it is. (*exit, HERBERT and HARRY, R. E.*)

Mar. O! Lord. He done put no writin' on the outside and I done clean forgot which an welches, and ten to one, if I come back thout 'em delivered, I'm a dead nigger. Poor coon! I got it; (*lays letters on the floor*) I toss up this cent, and if it comes down heads, I takes (*points to letter on right*) you to Miss Stocton, and if it comes down tails, I take (*left*) you to Miss Flyaway. No, dat ain't it. It this way. Heads, Stocton wins; tails, Flyaway looses. No, dat ain't it neither. (*takes up one letter*) Heads, your Flyaway; tails, your Stocton. Dat am it. (*tosses up*) Heads it am. Dan this am Miss Flyaway's, dis am Miss Stocton's, and (*picks up cent*) dis am Mr. Brown's. (*exit, L. E.*)

Enter, DONALD, R. E.

Don. Why in the name of all that's respectable, doesn't that gorgan retire? Here she's given her consent to our match, and if she had a thimblefull of sense, which by the way she hasn't, she would stay at home and write her novel. Ah! here she comes now, and I won't run as I have been all the evening.

Enter, MRS. ELYAWAY, R. E.

Mrs. F. My dear son-in-law-that-is-to-be, I am so delighted to find you alone.

Don. I'm glad that somebody is delighted.

Mrs. F. Oh! I see that you are facetious. I do so love humorous people. My novels are full of them. But what I wished to see you alone for, was to lay the plans for our little home.

Don. Whose little home?

Mrs. F. Ours, after we, that is Edith and you are married.

Don. I have no objection to your laying the plans, but at anything further, I draw the line. I believe your home is in Boston, Edith and I intend to board, in San Francisco.

Mrs. F. And pray what is to become of me?

Don. I am sorry to say that we are not in Utah, and even if we were, I could not take it on myself to, in a common phrase, marry the whole family. Good-evening. (*exit, L. E.*)

Mrs. F. Monster! Wretch! Happy thought, he shall be the villain of "Roderick, the Red Rambler."

Enter, EDITH FLYAWAY, R. E.

Edith F. Mamma, of all the horried things that ever happened to me in my life, I think this is the worst. What motive could Herbert Holworthy have in proposing to me, when he has been courting Edith Stocton?

Mrs. F. (*aside*) Can't marry the whole family. We are going to board. (*aloud*) Well my dear, I congratulate you. He is much better off than that temporary flame of yours.

Edith F. Goodness! ma, how can you talk so? Am I not engaged to Don? And I don't like that Holworthy chap one bit, and I'll never have him or anybody but just Don. So there!

(*exit*, L. E.

Mrs. F. We shall see child, we shall see!

(*exit*, L. E.

Enter, MARCUS, R. E.

Mar. Lordy Massa! what have I done? Miss Edith do look all broke up an to'ther one's mad, an' Dolly won't have nuffin' to say to me, and I feel as if I was goin' to be shot in battle or elec'rotined or sumfin' worse.

(*retires up stage*

Enter, HERBERT and HARRY, R. E.

Her. Here's a letter and I'm half afraid to open it. Well here goes. (*opens letter—reads aloud*) "My dear Herbert, I received your somewhat unexpected welcome letter this evening, and read it with mingled feeling of pleasure and pride. Let it suffice for me to say that I am ever your own Edith." Zip! she'll have me old man. Do you hear, she'll have me. Ecstasy! (*catches hold of MARCUS instead of HARRY*) Rats!

(*kicks MARCUS and clasps HARRY's hand, MARCUS exits*, L. E.

Har. Congratulations old boy, you know I said it was a matter of course.

Enter, DOLLY, R. E.

Her. Yes I know, still I think I am the luckiest dog that ever drew a breath.

Dol. I don't. (*coming forward*) Miss Edith sends this note.

(*exit*, R. E.

Har. She corresponds frequently, doesn't she?

Her. This is not in the same hand as the other. Hang it man, what does this mean? He's gone. Well this is rather queer. (*opens it and reads*) "Mr. Holworthy, I am in receipt of your discourteous note." (*aside*) I didn't write her two. (*reading again*) "Allow me to say that your heartless joke has had it's desired effect. I now request that all relations between us be considered at an end. Miss Stocton." (*tosses down note*) This is a forgery.

Har. No it isn't.

Her. Then the other is.

Har. O! no.

Her. Then she is playing a solo on my feelings.

Har. Not at all.

Her. Fessenden, you'r an ass.

Har. You flatter.

Her. Ceaser! What do you mean anyway?

Har. Look here, you put no addresses on those notes. The two you have received are in different hand writing. Put two and two together and throw in the extraordinary thickness of Marcus' head, and draw your own conclusion. Edith Flyaway received the proposal and returns the acceptance, while Edith Stocton, whose brother disappeared so suddenly a short time ago, receives a note asking for his address, and naturally returns the answer that you hold. For further particulars address Marcus Aurelius.

Her. I believe you'r right. Let me get my clutches oa that miserable darkey. But of course I can make it all up with Edith.

Har. Don't be rash. How about the one that is ever your own Edith, that receives your note with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure?

Her. Now I think that I am the unluckiest dog that ever drew a breath.

Enter, BOTTLESBY, L. E.

Bot. A letter for you sir!

Her. Hello Peter, is that you?

(takes letter)

Bot. Yes sir!

Her. Any answer?

Bot. I think not sir! Mr. Elwell told me not to wait.

Her. Then why do you?

Bot. I thought perhaps that you had forgotten something, sir!

Her. O! yes, very thoughtful of you, Bottlesby. *(tips him)*
Very thoughtful indeed.

Bot. Yes sir! Thank 'er sir!

(exit, L. E.)

Her. Here Harry, you read it, I'm not on speaking terms with notes now.

Har. *(after reading)* Here's a lark.

Her. What is it?

Har. Don says that he "has found out your proposal to an l acceptance by his affianced, and challenges you to a duel."

Her. That is a lark, isn't it? *(goes up stage to decanter)* After I have had a swallow, I may be able to appreciate the lark. *(drinks)* You'r not in this. *(coming down)* But of course I shan't fight him. I'll expla'n everything.

Har. O! you mus.'t. Think of the effect it would have on the lady herself.

Her. But I might kill him!

Har. That would be impossible.

Her. Or he might kill me!

Har. He probably will.

Her. Then I'm dame l if I fight him!

Har. Let me persuade you.

Enter, MARCUS, R. E. When he speaks they both turn and rush for him, taking him by the collar—as they speak they push him from one to another.

Mar. Massa Herbert—

Har. You rascal!

Her. You villain! What did Miss Stocton say when you gave her that note?

Har. And what did the other one say?

Her. Do you know what you've done?

Har. Yes, do you?

Her. If you don't, ask him!

Har. You've got Miss Stocton down on him and—

Her. Yes, and you've got me into a duel and—

Har. Yes, and there's the devil to pay. (*Exit, L. E.*)

Her. Yes, and I've got to fight Don Elwell, and I must kill him or he'll kill me, with the odds on the latter, and the one that isn't killed, will be hanged or beheaded, or something, and it's all due to—O! get out of my sight. (*sinks into a chair*)

Mar. (*kneeling so as to look up into his face*) Doan take on so Massa Herbert. Please don't feel so bad. I'se awful sorry. Doan fight Mr. Elwell. Please doan fight him, he'll be sure to kill you if you does. I'll get around Dolly and—and tell Miss Edith and—O! please forgive me, please, please do.

Her. Get out, confound you, get out!

Mar. Here's de insignificant piece of c pper what got me inter all this trouble. Gosh! (*throws it away and exit, R. E.*)

Enter, MRS. FLYAWAY, L. E., dragging her daughter—HERBERT rises and crosses stage.

Mrs. F. (*forcing her daughter into his arms*) Take her my—son, take her with a novelist's blessing.

Her. What a snap!

Mrs. F. Fie, you'r so cold. Kiss her my son, kiss her.

Her. Oh Lord! (*kisses her upon forehead*)

Enter, EDITH STOCTON, R. E., and discovers group.

Edith S. Oh! what is he doing?

Enter, DON, L. E., he also discovers group.

Don. Miss Stocton, may I not accompany you back to Pitman Hall? There is something I want to say to you.

Edith S. (*reluctantly*) Yes.

About to start off and faints: EDITH F. sees her and faints also. HERBERT catches EDITH F. and DON EDITH S., both shaking their fists.

Mrs. F. What a climax for my novel!

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Echo Lake, North Conway, N. H.

Enter, HERBERT and MARCUS, L. E.

Her. Here we are. Did you notify the police of this affair as I told you.

Mar. Yes sir! The inspector said that he'd see that Mr. Elwell was hanged if he killed you, and he'd do as much for you, if you killed him.

Her. And was that all the satisfaction you got?

Mar. That, and something he said about dueling being a fine thing for decreasing the surplus population.

Her. Marcus, this is a plot against the life of a quiet inoffending citizen. Yes sir! a plot. Confound it, do you think I'm going to submit to be shot down in cold blood? No sir! or warm blood either. I'm going to leave this infernal spot this moment.

(starts to leave stage, R.)

Enter, HARRY, R. E. and confronts him.

Har. Where are you going?

Her. To the spring for a drink. *(aside)* That's a pretty fair one for a man in his last hours.

Har. *(aside)* The hypocrite. *(takes out flask—aloud)* Take this, cold water is but poor food for valor. *(aside)* Particularly when it's in the minus quantity.

Her. Thanks. *(aside)* Curse the thought that made him bring this. *(drinks)* It's not so bad as it might be though.

(starts to hand it back, but MARCUS grabs it and puts it in his pocket)

Har. What's the matter old man, you don't look altogether happy?

Her. Don't I? How strange! *(sings)* "After the Ball."

Har. Don't do that.

Her. "Just step on the tail of my coat." Harry, my son, I fear you have not the eternal soul to appreciate my melody. Mrs. Flyaway would appreciate it.

Har. Would she?

Her. Yes. Isn't dueling great fun, Harry?

Har. Ah! now you take the right view of the matter.

Her. Don't I though? I fell dead in love with a lovely girl. Very good! I propose to her and she gets another letter, which gets her down on me. Extra nice! Another girl, who I like about as much as I do her blooming mother, accepts me. Awfully comfortable! Her darned mother pushes her into my arms just as Edith comes in to make up. Better and better! Finally I got up early in the morning and come out here to be murdered. Perfectly exquisite! Say Harry, don't you think I'd better go home?

Mar. Yes, Massa Fessenden, don't you think we'd all better go home?

Har. Home? Why man, would you miss this glorious chance of martyrdom? Your name will go down to history, coupled with that of Alexander Salvini, Hamilton I mean.

Her. I'm a democrat, and therefore don't care a continental about Alexander Hamilton.

POSITION DURING THE FOLLOWING.

HARRY.

HERBERT.

MARCUS.

Har. Are there any words you wish to say to me? A tender message for Edith Stocton? A parting blessing for Miss Flyaway? Forgiveness for Don? And have you made your will? Won't you give me something for a keepsake?

Her. Yes, have a cigarette?

(offers him one)

Har. Just glance over this obituary notice and make any desired corrections.

Her. Don't talk that way, you might make me nervous.

Mar. And by the way, Massa Herbert, cremation is getting to be quite fashionable.

Her. I'll break your head in a minute!

Har. Never mind, old fellow, act like a man.

Mar. Yes, doan let him see that you mind it a bit. Make him think that you rather like it.

(HARRY takes out pistols)

Her. Yes, I do rather like it. *(sees pistols)* How far will those gattling guns shoot?

Har. About two miles.

Mar. And let me tell you right here, that your only chance is to fire first.

Her. I declare, I won't kill him!

Har. *(aside)* No! I don't think you will.

Her. It's perfect barbarity.

Har. Then you will be leading man at your own funeral.

Her. O! I'll fire first. Never fear. We couldn't have cap pistols, could we?

Har. Hardly. Ah! here comes Don.

Her. That settles it. *(starts to go, HARRY restrains him)*

Enter, DOX and BOTTLESBY, L. E.

Har. Mr. Elwell, let us set about this painful business at once.

Don. The sooner the better. I have had no breakfast.

Her. I knew if I didn't take some before, I shouldn't after. I didn't feel so very hungry though.

Har. *(to Dox)* Does your servant act as your second?

Don. Yes!

Har. Mr. Holworthy's performs a like office for him. Gentlemen take your positions. These weapons are my own. Do you wish to have the seconds examine them?

Don. I waive the right.

Her. Don't touch those guns, Marcus! Come here. *(aside)* Go to Elwell's man and tell him how I committed seven murders in Texas, and what an elegant shot I am. You have an imaginative brain.

Mar. *(front)* Peter come here a second, will you? Do you know what an elegant shot my master is? When he found that he'd got to fight your master, he got his pistols and—and commenced to cut clothes-lines at fifty feet, and toothpicks in my mouth, without hitting the mouth—and almost everything. But he's sorry to kill your master. I heard him say, that he hoped to be pardoned for killing a round dozen in duels, an' that he was chokin' with remorse, at having to sacrifice another innocent life on the alter of his passion for human blood. An' he's got Kentucky blood in his veins, he has.

Bot. I don't care. My master is a perfect monument of valor, he kin lick anything on two feet.

Mar. I'm on two feet just now.

Bot. An' I don't except you.

Mar. Well, if I said that everybody in the world could lick me, I'd except you. See?

Bot. Don't get sassy.

Mar. Ef you don't look out, I'll give you what my master's goin' to give your master.

Bot. If you try, something might get broke, that what you cannot eat or put in your pocket.

Mar. Come on then, you no account white trash.

Har. Here you fellows, stop this. *(they start to fight to principals)* Is there no way to stop this duel.

Her. Yes, let me go home.

Har. *(pretending not to hear)* Then turn back to hack, and at the word three, fire. One, two, three!

(they turn and their pistols click harmlessly)

Her. I don't seem to have hit him.

Enter, EDITH FLYAWAY, L. E.

Edith F. Stop you horrid men! Marcus! Peter! Mr. Fessenden! Somebody please hold him. Don't you see he's going to shoot Don? Do take that pistol away.

Her. O! I'd just as soon drop it.

Edith F. I don't care for you one bit, and I'll marry Don in spite of you.

Her. Good for you! Really I am a dreadful cad!

Edith F. And you'r no gentleman to propose to a lady when she's engaged, and I didn't want to accept you, only Ma made me.

Har. Just what I thought.

Edith F. And when I got the letter, saying that you were out here killing Don, I came and stopped it. And I think you'r just horrid.

Her. Go ahead, the harder you hit me the better I like it.

Edith F. O! Don, do let us come away from this horrid place. O! dear—

(buries her head on his shoulder and sobs)

Her. I feel sure that we have all been laboring under a mistake.

Edith F. *(looking up)* And don't you love me tenderly and truly?

Her. Well, not exactly.

Har. Let me explain. The letter you got was written to Miss Edith Stocton, and one for you, was sent to her. You, or rather your mother, accepted the proposal, and thinking that you meant what you said, he did not make the desired explanation. The letter meant for you was of a nature, that while to you it could not give offence, it did to Miss Edith. Your reply precluded any explanation and necessitated the acceptance of Don's challenge. Feeling sure the truth of the matter was, as it has turned out to be, I sent you the letter in a feined hand and you arrived in time to prevent bloodshed with unloaded revolvers.

Edith F. It was all due to Mamma.

Her. And Marcus.

Don. Well, I'm glad that things have taken this turn. Herbert, you received my fire like a man. *(shakes hands)*

Enter, EDITH STOCTON and DOLLY, R. E., walking abstractly; sees group and starts to retire.

Edith S. Pardon me, I did not see.

Edith F. No! Miss Stocton, you must not go. There has been a mistake here, and I sure it concerns you.

Mar. Yes, Massa Herbert proposed to you and somebody else got it, an' the letter you got didn't orter be yours an' Ki Yi! It's all right any way.

Edith S. Well, I can't just make out what you mean, but if there's been a mistake any where, I'll forgive anybody who asks me.

Her. Me?

Edith S. Yes, if you are quite sure that you wish to be.

Her. Edith, the interview—

Edith F. Don't go through all that now. Here is the missent note, if that don't fetch her, nothing will. It almost fetched me.

Don. What?

Edith F. But not quite.

Her. (*after EDITH STROX has read letter*) Will you send the answer by special delivery?

Edith S. Perhaps I won't answer at all.

Her. Crushed again!

Edith F. Doesn't silence mean—

Her. Consent?

Edith S. Perhaps.

Mar. Dolly, as everybody's making up, won't you forgive and—and forget, and always remember?

Dol. Well, it seems to be the fashion, so I'll say "Yes" too.

Mrs. F. (*outside, L.*) Where is my indiscreet daughter? Oh! where is she?

Enter, MRS. FLYAWAY, L. E.

Ah! How dare you—you minx? Haven't you accepted Mr. Ho'-worthy? What a climax for Volume One. Mr. Elwell, I should think you would be ashamed of yourself! Don't you know that Mr. Holworthy claims her as his alliance?

Don. Looks so, doesn't it? (*points to HERBERT and EDITH S.*)

Her. Yes, doesn't it?

Mrs. F. Bless me! But though you have lost her, I will still stand by you. I will help make your little home happy. I will still be a mother to you.

Her. O! thanks. Don, don't you wan't your Edith with perquisites? This is a perquisite.

Don. Not any, thanks!

Her. Fez, you are to be the hero of her next novel. Let her profit by personal observation.

Har. Not much!

Her. Marcus, it was you who mixed up those notes, take her and be happy—you have earned her.

Mrs. F. Merciful powers, an Ethiopian!

Mar. Somebody give me one of those pistols quick!

Don. Don't you like the idea, Mrs. Flyaway? Then I'll tell you what to do. Adopt the stage! You'll have to begin low, of course. Enter as a chorus girl in a comic opera company and rise to be a second Julia Marlow or Lottie Collins.

Her. Wouldn't I like to see her doing Rosalind.

Mrs. F. I will retire to my home, renounce the world and finish "Agnes' Admirers."

Har. Do so, everything will then be satisfactory.

Edith F. And we will conclude our little romance with "They all lived happy ever after."

CURTAIN.

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—The picnic near the "Black Hawk's" cave. The lawyers and Mike. Little Goldie has fun with the Judge. Mike makes love to Matilda. The Judge is appealed to. Matilda and the Judge. Joe arrived late. The Captain of the Black Hawks shows up. Tells the gang a story. Old Jones is rich. The plot. Peter's meets old Jones. The struggle. Little Goldie to the rescue, backed by the Judge and his "cannon." "It wouldn't do in this glorious climate of Colorado."

ACT II.—The Col. and the Maj. lament the escape of the Black Hawks. The Judge gets drunk. Mike tells some news. The boys "lay" for the school teacher. The school teacher arrives. A female. The Judge makes a speech. Joe drops in and cuts them all out. Matilda and the Judge. Mike gets mad. The Capt. of the Black Hawks again. Little Goldie at her pranks—has trouble with Godfrey. Joe interferes. The Col. and Maj. get in their work. Judge tries to escape from Matilda. Mike helps him out. The recognition. The story. I will be there. The quarrel. "Drop that knife, or I'll fill you full of holes."

ACT III.—The home of Edith. Matilda tells a little gossip and departs. Joe calls and tells Edith of his love. The Judge hears him refused. Joe departs. The Judge tries his hand. Matilda unexpectedly returns. The Judge in a fix. Little Goldie again. A new baby. Godfrey calls on Edith. The promise. "So will I." The Col. and Maj. Mike happens along. The Judge takes a hand. Little Goldie looking for Joe. Handsome Harry. "I'll play this alone if I die for it." Near the Black Hawk's retreat. The Black Hawks. Godfrey waiting Edith's arrival. Edith arrives. "Never." "Then go where you belong." Handsome Harry to the rescue. "Defend yourself." Harry is overpowered. The fate of a traitor. Goldie to the rescue. The terrible fall of Godfrey.

ACT IV.—Bummer Jones' (George Winfred) home in Denver. Mike Flynn in command. The reformed Bummer. The letters. The letter from the nephew. The nephew arrives. Godfrey as a "Missionary." The uncle writes a letter dictated by the nephew. The arrival of the Judge. The murder. The Col. and Joe. Godfrey's claim. Mike tells what he heard. Godfrey accused of murder. "His child and the heiress is dead." The heiress found is Little Goldie. Handsome Harry. Godfrey cheats the law. Edith and Joe. Unexpected arrival of Matilda. Happy finale.

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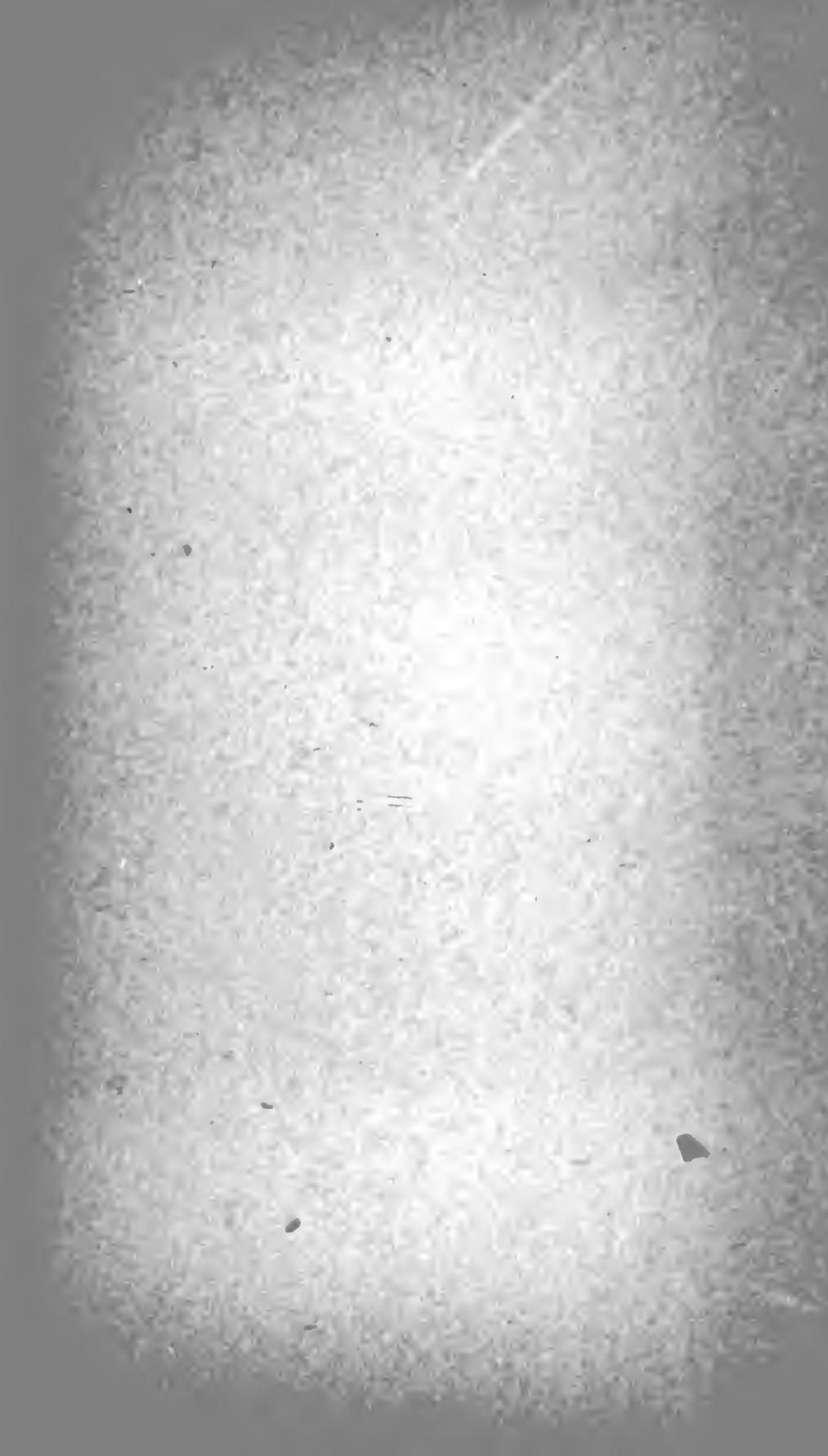
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...Such a P. of an Ho Look.....	6	3
...and the Baby.....	5	5
...James' Experience.....	8	4
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...Sharps and Flus.....	3	1
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...7.....	7	2
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COMEDIETTAS.		
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	N. F.	M. P.
Family Discipline.....	0	1
Family Jars.....	5	2
Goose with the Golden Eggs.....	5	3
Give Me My Wife.....	3	3
Hulalahoola, the Medicine		
Man.....	4	3
Hans, the Dutch J. P.....	3	1
Hans Brummel's Cafe.....	5	0
Heath.....	4	2
H. M. S. Plum.....	1	1
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How He Popped the Quest'n.....	1	1
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